For the Quaker Parrots surrounding the trees in the courtyard of Kashmere High School

By: Deborah Mouton, Houston Poet Laureate

I have never seen you here before
In the trees that overlook the broken road
On the grounds that hold the spit of the forgotten
Such a funny place to choose to inhabit
With all the sunshine in Houston
You pick here
Off the beaten path
Trailblazers of sky

I heard you once broke free
From a crate that tried to enslave you
Flew from the New York Coastline
Looking for a sanctuary in ward
Saw the lone star and double downtown
And decided this was the place you would prove
That man is still made in the image of God
You made a home with those
dedicated to keep close to the underestimated
and every sun rising
you spread your feathers over every tables
As a sign that flying is still possible

Sometimes we need to be reminded
That we are the Good Samaritan
That we have hands that open
That feel freer giving than throwing out
We have underdogged many a time
Only hold victory in our cry

In a country that's beginning to say wall more than welcome Let us not forget that all of us came here once That none of our English is pure That our differences add depth of flavor to our roux Amen

We are the ones that cannot sink the ones who help pull each other from the current we are built a city on the edge of a flood our streets have drowned Only to be rebirthed into protoype We are the ones who's boots are different hues but my Lord if their heels don't dig in the same if we don't flock to the same twang in our throats did we all not spread our wings not knowing if we would be destined to fall or be the pretty green thing in the courtyard that reminds us every morning that belonging is a state of being it is carrying the twig of culture in our mouths weaving together a nest to call it home or here or hallelujah or Houston and ain't we all a song beautiful to sing

even if we don't understand the words

we are built from?